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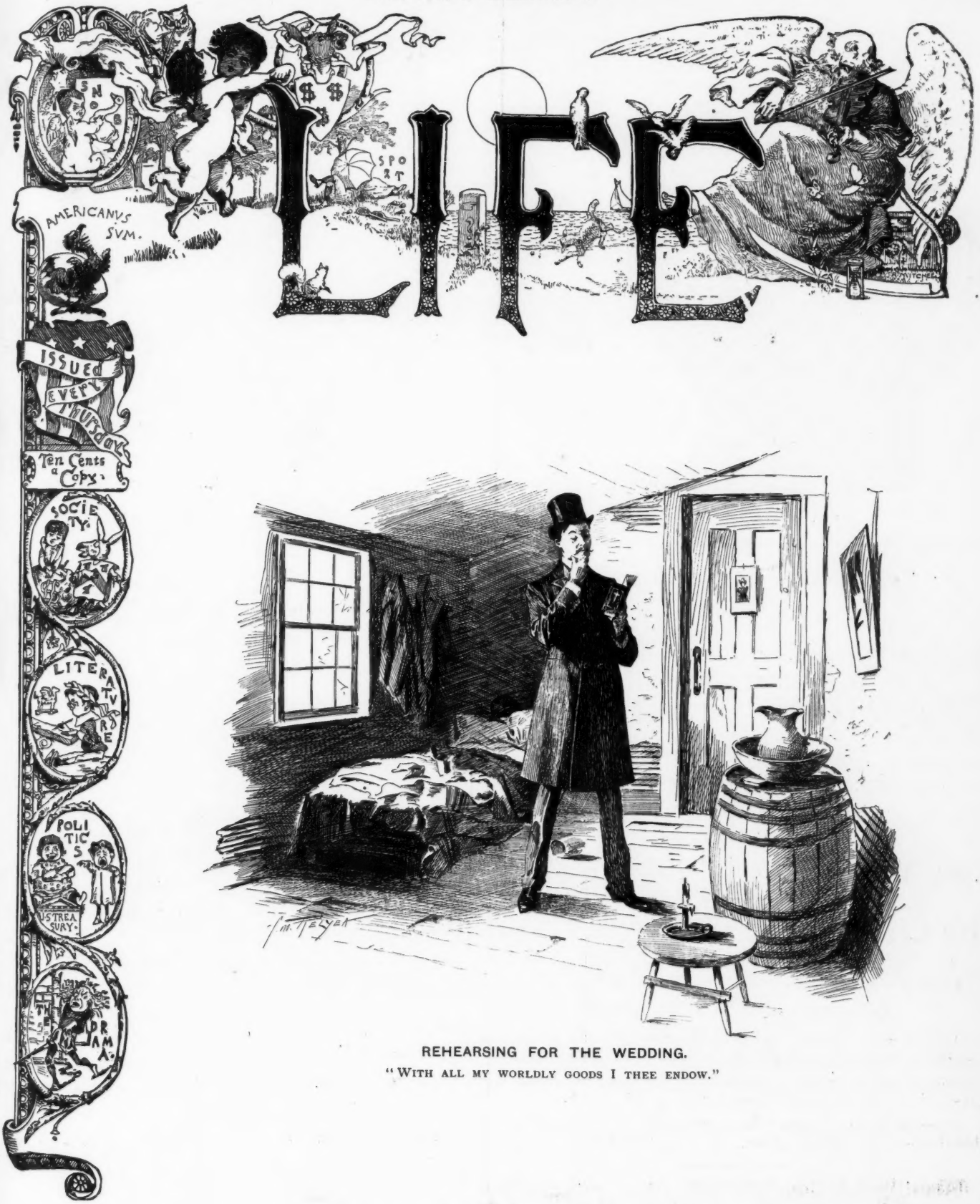

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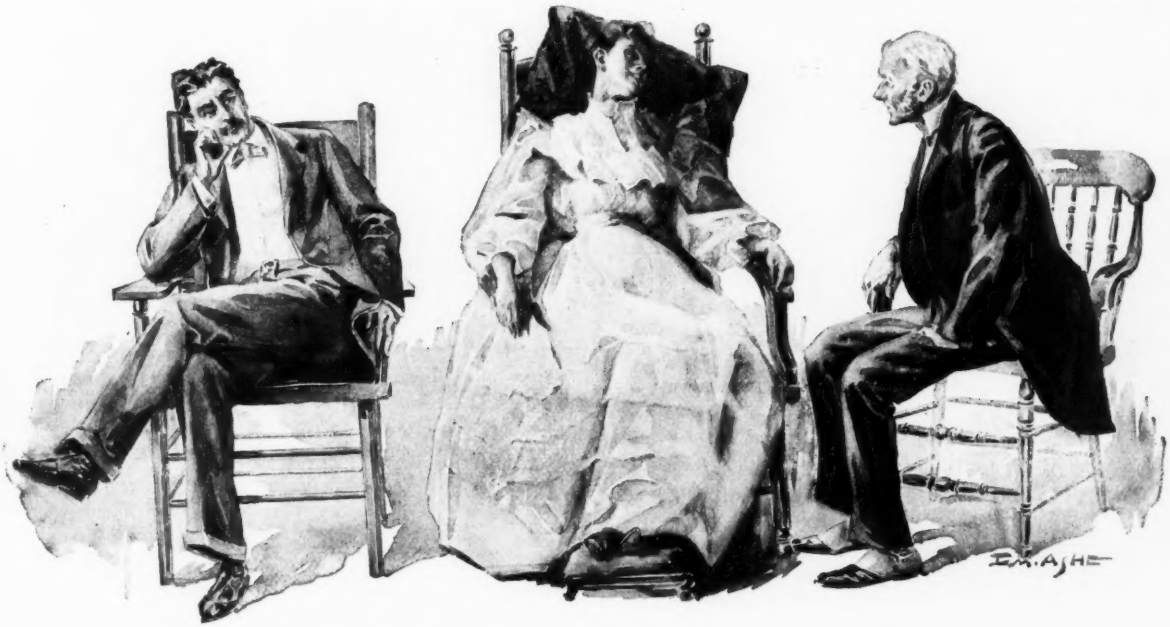
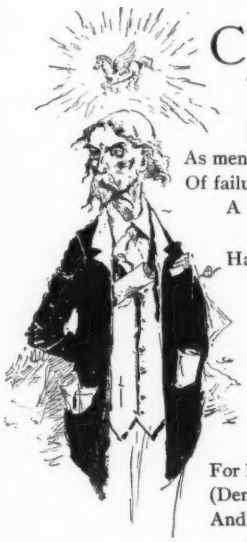


Medicus: I WISH I KNEW HOW TO GET EVEN WITH THAT UNDERTAKER.
She: WHY NOT RETIRE FROM PRACTICE?



CONCEIT.

CONCEIT, the world may hear me! I confess
That once I loved thee. That much do I own,
Nor say it in a light nor covert tone,
As men oft own a folly. The distress
Of failure thou couldst soothe; or doubly bless
A slender triumph. Thou, and thou alone,
Hadst faith in me, when all the world had flown.
Good sooth! but mortals oft are loved for less.

But constant to me as I thought thee, thou
Hast raised a frenzy that I may not quell,
For lo! thy kiss is on another's brow,
(Deny it not, Conceit, for I can tell)
And though, when mine, I loved thee passing well,
Since thou art his, contempt doth gorge me now.

J. Edmund V. Cooke.

"DO you know much about that horse you bought from the Deacon?"
"I know more about the Deacon than I did."

SUPER-SENSITIVE.

"While there's Life there's Hope."

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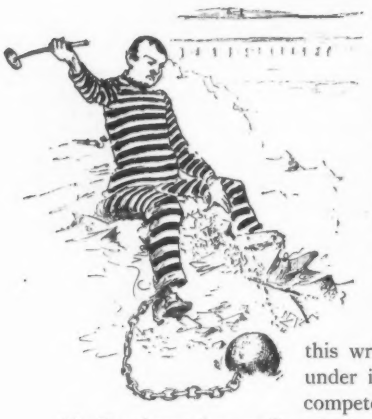
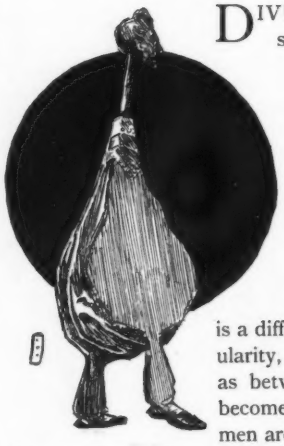


THERE have been awful tales in some of the newspapers about the unkind behavior of Superintendent Brockway of the Elmira Reformatory to sundry prisoners under his care. Governor Flower and our neighbor, the New York *World*, have for some weeks felt pretty sure that Mr. Brockway was a monster, and at this writing his administration is under investigation by thoroughly competent hands. It seems that Mr. Brockway has walloped his bad prisoners much more than they liked. Whether his motive in doing so was to hasten their regeneration or gratify his own spite, the investigating committee will have to determine; as also whether the general results of the walloping were beneficial to society.

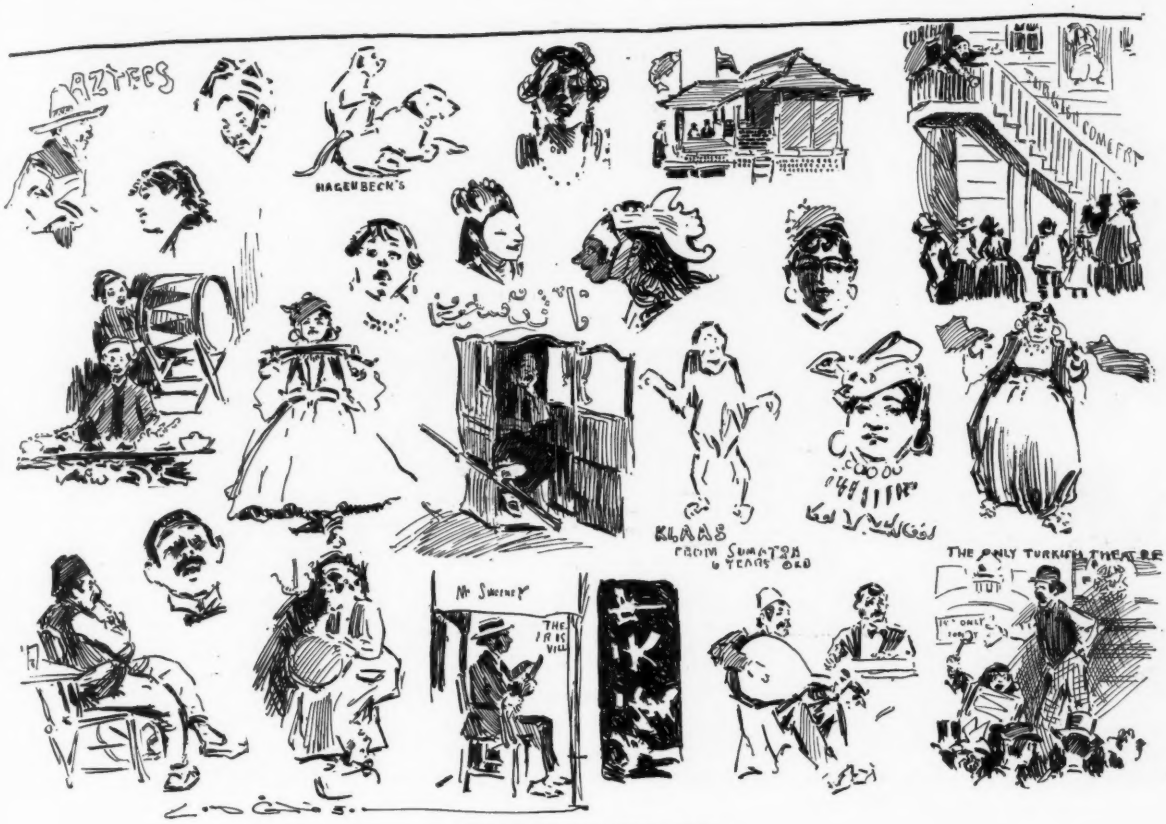
Flogging is not very popular in these days, but then it must be remembered that the aversion of some professional criminals to decent conduct is so acute that it is often hard to persuade them to eschew evil without offering them an alternative that is more repulsive still. If Mr. Brockway has really succeeded in getting some of the sin out of bad men through their hides, it will be a pity to interfere with him, since the discomfort of being "paddled" is a mere bagatelle compared to the disadvantage and misery of being blindly and malignantly sinful. Experienced bad men are so useful these days, especially in ward politics, that there is a natural reluctance in some quarters about allowing them to be reformed. There is a sentiment that it is wasteful to spoil a useful tough by reforming him, and that the better plan is to make him a police justice. But that is not really a sound view, and if it shall transpire that Mr. Brockway's methods have been warranted by their results, LIFE hopes to see them go on. If, on the contrary, it shall appear that the Superintendent has been wantonly severe or cruel, he should not only be thrown out, but punished besides.



DIVULGING in a magazine article some of the secrets of the business of being a writer of books, Mr. W. D. Howells mentions the satisfactory sum that the writers who are "the most famous, or the most popular, if there is a difference between fame and popularity," get for every thousand of their merchantable written words. There certainly is a difference between fame and popularity, which may not be very clear as between writers, but which often becomes terribly distinct when statesmen are concerned. It has happened that way in the case of Senator Stewart, whose output of language has lately gained him considerable accretions of fame, but without any corresponding exaggeration of popularity. Doubtless Senator Stewart has his own notions of duty, and his attempt to talk the Senate to death and the country into a new panic, accords with them. LIFE cannot find any warrant for wishing him personal harm, but it does derive solace from remembering that his sonorous gullet is not of Tobin bronze, and that presently his vocal organs must give out. If he could only be hired, like the unwelcome organ-grinder, to move his poor old machine into another street, what a felicitous downpour of pennies might be directed into his hat!

* * *

THERE are a number of things besides Senator Stewart and his obstructive accomplices that are not working just now to the satisfaction of true patriots. There is a great deal too much nigger-hunting in the South, as well as far too many negro criminals to hunt. There has been much too prodigal an allowance of railroad accidents the last two months, and more train-robbing than was absolutely needed. And there are still too many mills idle, and too many people out of work. The California workingmen are too anxious to oust the Chinese, the silver kings are too eager to sacrifice the national welfare to silver, some high tariff Republicans show themselves too ready to bargain disgracefully for a continuance of excessive "protection." Uncle Sam has a very large job on his hands to reconcile the conflicting interests of his obstreperous family, and make the members work together for good. There is excuse enough for anyone who does not know him well to doubt whether he is equal to all the complications of his task. But we who do know him are not going to worry. His great machine will be working smoothly again presently, and we shall be there to see and to applaud, and to share the resulting prosperity. But while he is thinking of his present ills, it might not be amiss for him to take thought for the future, and limit some possible misfortunes by stopping all the other countries of the world from pouring their undesirable offspring into his territory.



SKETCHES AT THE FAIR.

ALONG THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.

THE VISION.

UNCLE ABNER GRAYNECK and his excellent wife were driving townward with decorous slowness, unaware of the fact that this was the afternoon upon which M'lle Nymphie Fewclothes, the daring Queen of the Air, was to make her thrilling balloon ascension and parachute jump. Happening to raise his eyes, Uncle Abner was not a little startled to behold the æronaut's trim figure, dwarfed by the distance but clearly outlined against the sky, dropping earthward like a plummet, nearly a quarter of a mile away to the right.

"Great Tunkett, Polly!" he ejaculated, in an excited voice. "The—the end of the world must surely be at hand. There is an angel fallin' straight down from Heaven!"

"Angel!" snorted Aunt Polly, scornfully, after gazing at the apparition for an instant. "It is nothing in the world but one of them nasty cigarette pictures fallin' down from somewhere. You whip up them horses, Abner! I'm ashamed of you, sir, and at your time of life, too!"

MIND'S HIS BUSINESS—The psychologist.

THE FIRST STEP.

"I HAVE begun to plan my yacht,"
Said Chollie Ferguson.
"I've worked so hard I've really got
The wine list nearly done."

CYNICUS: Why do you draw a pension?

OLD BOY: For injuries to my health, contracted during the war.

CYNICUS: Ah, yes! I heard that you became windbroken at the first battle of Bull Run.

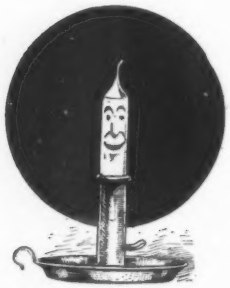
DAUBBER: You look blue, old man. What's the matter?

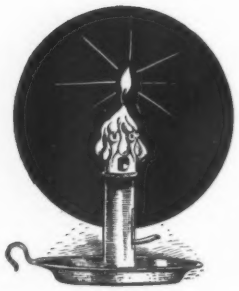
SCRIBBLE: I'm trying to think of a rhyme for Valkyrie.

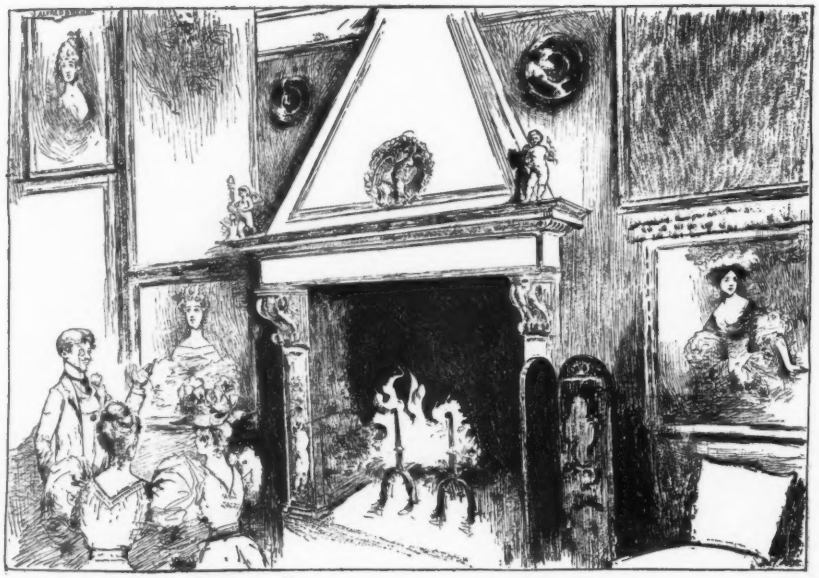
MRS. WALDORF: In our hotels the guests are well cared for. In every upper room there is a rope for escape in case of fire.

COUNT DE BARBERE: Ah, that is most amusing. If he wish he can use it also as a skipping rope.

A TALE OF WOE.







HIS INHERITANCE.

Cholly: THIS IS MY GRANDMOTHER'S PORTRAIT, AND I AM THOUGHT TO HAVE SOME OF HER FEATURES.

His Adored: YES, I SEE A STRONG RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN HER EYEBROW AND YOUR MOUSTACHE.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN UNDER-GRADUATE.

OCTOBER 13.

RUSHTON has been absent from the class this term. Some of the fellows saw him the other day in the lower part of the town, dragging a small go-cart, full of packages. He explained that so many horses were down with the epizootic, that merchants had to hire men to deliver parcels. So he had become a horse, and he said there was more money in it than in being a Greek pony at fifty cents an hour, or writing compositions on "The Law of Decay in Nations," at two dollars apiece, for men in the third division. He will not return to college so long as his job holds out to burn.

OCTOBER 22.

Another good man gone! This time it is Gudgeon, the Caliban with a pink beard, who was imported last year from somewhere in Boone County, by Henderson. Henderson has always been rather anxious about him. When he first came up to be examined, he was afraid that he might get mad and lick some of the examiners if they asked him too many questions. He said that Gudgeon was a Southern boy, and could cut and shoot, and wouldn't stand any bigod nonsense.

It seems that Gudgeon and some others had been down town, and came into the yard about 11 P. M., feeling quite racy. They made such happy noises that Barlow, who was studying Conics in his room in North Middle, opened his window and yelled out, "Get me so: I want to be so." This woke Tutor Divitiacus—known as old Privative Entity—who watched the subsequent proceedings with interest.

The crowd then went down to the fence, and, seeing a light in Tuckerman's shop across

the street, they began to sing a variation of the well known German cradle song, "Schlaf, Kindele, Schlaf."

Sleep, Tuckerman, sleep!
Sleep, Tuckerman, sleep!
Your oil and your chimneys
will do very well:
Your matches won't light if you
stick 'em in ———
Sleep, &c.

The words are by Higginson, whose big astral lamp—which he calls Pharos—drinks so much oil and breaks so many chimneys that he is dreadfully in debt to Tuckerman. Tuckerman lately refused him any further credit, so Higginson wrote this song for revenge, and has trained a quartette to sing it.

NOVEMBER 5.

We had roast ducks for dinner, but Barlow spoiled our relish of them, by saying that when he was out taking a walk past the hospital the other day, he saw some ducks in the open lot adjoining, eating a bread poultice that had been thrown from the hospital windows. He declared his belief that most of the ducks in the New Haven market were poultice-fattened. A paper is now going about, and has received many signatures, asking Barlow to resign from the club.

Henderson reproached Hudson for not liking Gudgeon. But Hudson said he didn't think Gudgeon was much of a loss to the class, anyway. He was a very uncultivated man, called his father his "paw," and pronounced *does*, "dooz."

Old Millions: DOCTOR, I DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER TO BUY A PAIR OF TROWSERS OR PAY YOUR BILL, BUT I THOUGHT I WOULD BETTER PAY YOU.
The Doctor: TAKE BACK YOUR MONEY.

Henderson retorted that Hudson was pedantic and narrow-minded, and very small in his way of judging men. He called him an iota subscript and a microscopic siliceous spiculum of a sponge, and said the Gudgeon might be rough in his ways, but he had a great, big soul.

It is reported that Gudgeon is at Stamford, and that he threatens to lick Tutor Divitiacus as soon as his suspension is over.

NOVEMBER 17.

The sensation of the day is the appearance of Higginson in a silk hat with a weed. It is said that G. Horne, who has recently lost an uncle, went down to the hatter's to get a weed put on his hat. Higginson happened to walk down Chapel Street with him, and, arrived at the hatter's, G. Horne urged him, almost with tears in his eyes, to go inside with him and get a new hat, discarding the cap with a fur button on top, which has made it so painful of late to associate much with Higginson.

"Have some style about you," implored G. Horne.

"Well, what shall I get?" asked Higginson.

"Get a tall hat, like mine," said G. Horne.

Higginson finally consented, and the hat was bought. The hatter asked G. Horne how wide he wanted his weed. Was he in mourning for a very near relative?

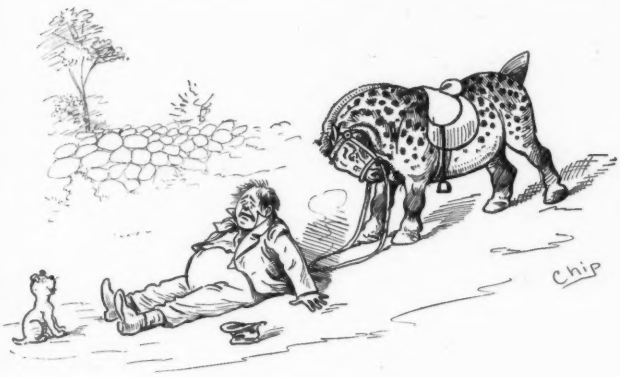
"An uncle," answered G. Horne.

"Then about three inches will be correct," said the hatter.

"Say," struck in Higginson, "I believe you may put a weed on mine, too. It makes a hat look tony."

"Yes, sir," said the hatter; "and what width shall I make it?"

"O, about an uncle," answered Higginson. *B.*



"OFF THE COB."

THE ONLY WAY.

JUDGE: Discharged! But don't let me see you here again.

GRADUATE O'TAFF: 'Tis me wud be sorry to see yer 'oner resign!

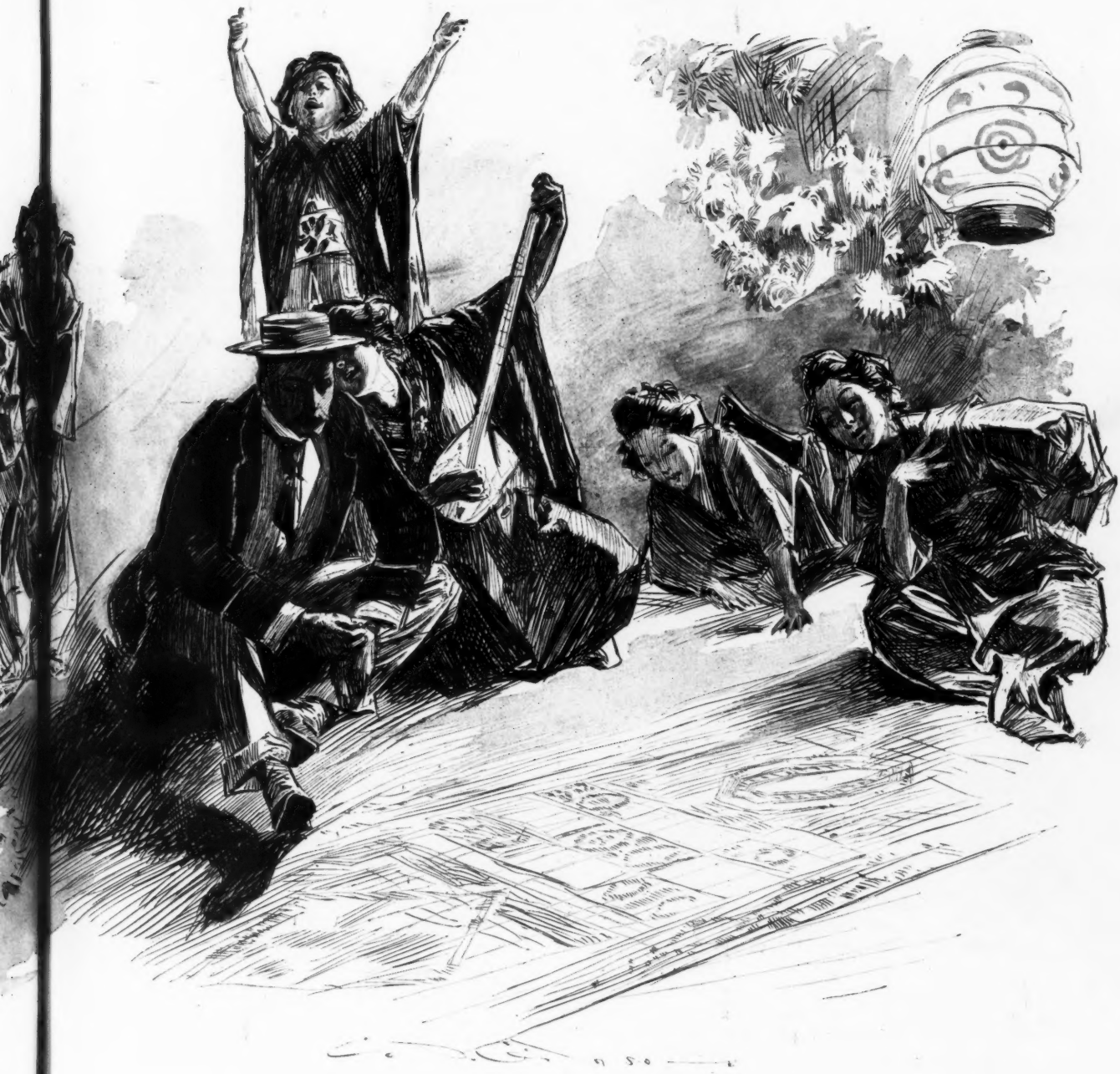
A COMFORTING THOUGHT.

"A FEW million years hence the sun will give out no more heat."

"Well, most of us won't be in need of heat."

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS

IT'S A LOVE SONG, AND SUNG WITH DEEP FEELING OVER THOUGHT



WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

P FEELING HER THOUGHTS ARE WITH TOM IN A FAR-AWAY LAND.

HEROIC TREATMENT.

"CHUCK HIM OUT INTO DE DEEP WATER, JIMMY. HE'S GOT TER LEARN HOW TER SWIM, AN' DAT'S DER QUICKEST WAY."

"CHARLEY'S AUNT," AND "ERMINIE" REDIVIVA.

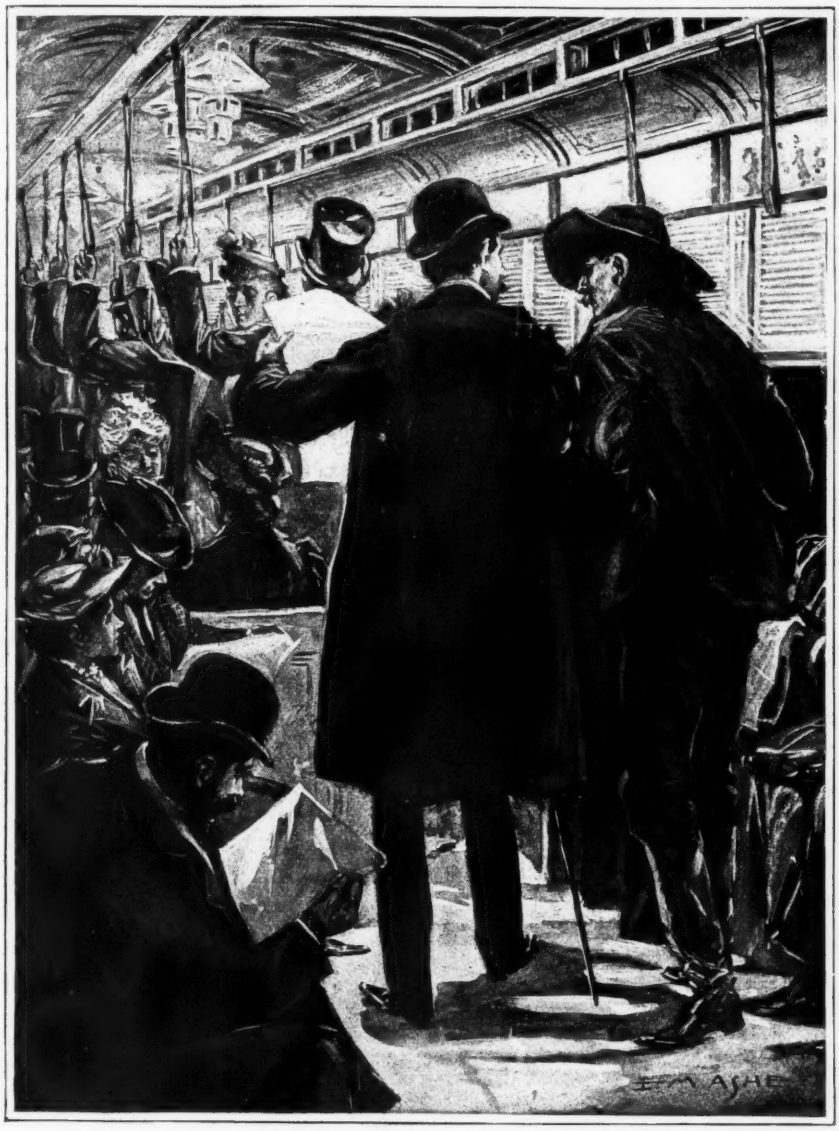
MR. CHARLES FROHMAN has at last succeeded in placing salt on the tail of the *rara avis*, a modern English comedy which is really funny. "Charley's Aunt" contains a good deal of the horse-play without which no British humorous play can appeal to the risibles of an English audience. Still, there is comparatively little hiding in closets or dodging about screens, and the piece really has a plot. The usual pains are taken elaborately to explain and make patent to the audience—sometimes in advance—every point that is made, but the situations and complications are in themselves so ludicrous that an American audience can forgive this concession to British density and be thoroughly amused by the misunderstandings arising from the duplication of *Charley's* real aunt.

To secure a satisfactory performance of the leading part, *Lord Fancourt Babberley*, who masquerades throughout the piece as *Donna D'Alvadorez*, the lady who supplies the name of the play, it was found necessary to import an English actor with the French name of Etienne Geradot. Mr. Geradot's personal appearance and performance fully justify the importation. He has a comedy face and goes through the humorous situations with a gravity which a worse actor, and we are sorry to say probably any American actor, would spoil with the buffoonery which our comedians are so apt to take for comedy.

The juvenile parts are largely in the nature of background, the work assigned to the young men and women in the piece consisting mainly in keeping up a tremendous amount of bustling about to make the action go with a rush. Mr. W. J. Ferguson does *Stephen Spettigue*, an impossible Oxford solicitor, with the artistic conscientiousness which marks all his work, and

THE COLD "CASH!"

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.



One-Eared Bill (*his first trip on the Elevated*): SAY, PARD, I SEE THE GANG HOLDING UP THEIR HANDS, IS THERE A ROAD AGENT AT WORK?

Regular Traveler: NO; IT IS A HABIT OF THE COMPANY TO STAND UP ABOUT TWO-THIRDS OF ITS PATRONS NIGHT AND MORNING.

DIANA UP TO DATE.

Miss Ellie Wilton makes a well-gowned and impressive *Donna Lucia*.

"Charley's Aunt" bids fair to rank with "The Private Secretary" and "Pink Dominos" as a success in the laugh-producing line.

* * *

BAR the singing, the reproduction of "Erminie" by Mr. Francis Wilson's company at the Broadway Theatre is an immense success. To have a successful opera without any real singing in it seems rather an absurdity, but that is about what the present "Erminie" is. It can be accounted for by the well-recognized facts that Mr. Wilson is a large part of "Erminie" himself, the scenery counts for a good deal, the costumes cut a very important figure, the orchestra supplies most of the music, a chorus well-selected from the æsthetic point of view fills a lot of gaps, and the imagination does the rest. Of course a few good and well-trained voices would help along, but really they are not an essential. Almost all New York can sing "Erminie" for itself. The performance at the Broadway is in pretty nearly every particular the equal of the original one at the Casino, and in many particulars throws it entirely in the shade. Every one is glad to see Mr. Wilson repeatedly in the part of *Cadeaux*, the most amusing and artistic thief that ever was, and so long as he is able to play the part, "Erminie" is bound to have admirers, even without the present gorgeousness of environment.

Metcalfe.

AS TO ANCESTRY.

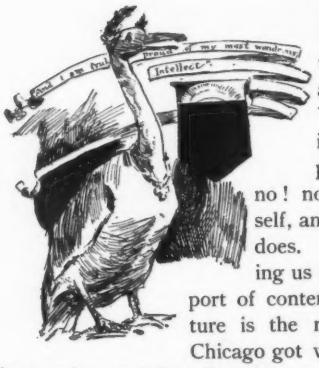
OF course I had a grand-dad,
And a grand-dad, too, had he;
But who the deuce the duffer was
Is all unknown to me.

A CONGO SCHEME.

ALL UGUMBO NEEDS TO COMPLETE HIS OUTFIT IS A PAIR OF PANTS.

HE HAS AN IDEA.

WHICH HE PUTS INTO EXECUTION.



MR. HAMLIN GARLAND "blows" in the *Forum* about the literary emancipation of the West. New York, he says, is not going to keep her present literary supremacy; no! not if Chicago knows herself, and Mr. Hamlin thinks she does. Mr. Howells has been telling us that the mainstay and support of contemporary American literature is the monthly magazine. Has Chicago got wind of some new device for nursing an infant literature, or does she intend to raise hers on magazines also?

And if she feels the need of magazines, where is she going to get them? Can she make them? Oh no! not in Chicago.

LIFE will give Chicago a pointer. If she means to set up a literature she must have some magazines of her own, that her men of letters and art can live on while they are learning how. The way to get them is to come to New York and buy them. There are several here that we can spare to her. The place for her to own and publish her magazine is in New York. Chicago ought to have a magazine here. Perhaps, after it got well started, it might be possible to transplant it, but the success of that would, of course, be doubtful. The place to publish a magazine is in New York, with branch offices in London and in Chicago. New York is the central point.

HAVING "AN ELEPHANT ON HIS HANDS."

AT AUCTION!

BY order of the people of the United States, the following lots of condemned goods will be offered at public vendue to the highest bidder. Time, place and terms of sale will be duly advertised in the personal column of the *Congressional Record* week after next. The sale will be absolute, and no goods can be returned or money refunded.

Lot 1. About two dozen Silver-Senators. Warranted in good working order. This lot is especially recommended to wind-mill owners, balloon proprietors, and dealers in natural gas. Dealers in jackasses are also invited to compete.

Lot 2. Assortment of Pension-Grabbers. This includes pension-agents, bounty-jumpers, sutlers, home guards and deserters.

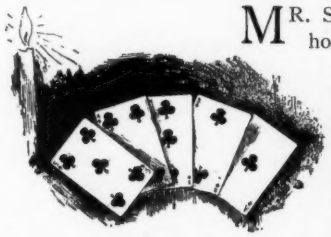
Lot 3. Assortment of Undesirable Immigrants, including anarchists, Italian assassins, Russian Jews, dynamiters, beggars, and diseased people from all parts of the world.

Lot 4. Several hundred Office-Seekers. None of this lot are inclined to work, but are all guaranteed to be good feeders.

HE (*in Chicago*): So your name is Daisy?
SHE: Yes; papa named me after his famous brand of hams.

A PROBLEM.

IF IT HAS TAKEN REGINALD ONE HOUR AND FIFTY-FIVE MINUTES TO GET FROM THE DRAWING-ROOM DOOR, WHICH IS TEN FEET DISTANT FROM WHERE HE NOW SITS, HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE REGINALD TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THE FRONT STEPS, WHICH IS FIFTY FEET DISTANT?



MR. STEVENSON has been telling how his grandfather took Walter Scott a voyage in a lighthouse tender. Mr. Andrew Lang's grandfather consorted with Scott too, and if Mr. Lang lives up to his own reputation for diligence we shall hear about it. It tells in Scott's diary about a Tory address that Sir Walter wrote out for use at a political meeting, but which never saw the light because of the prior adoption of a rival document by Mr. Andrew Lang. If Mr. Stevenson is going to use his grandfathers in his business, Mr. Lang is fixed to "see" him, if so disposed.

HE: My nose itches. That's a sign I'm going to kiss a fool.
SHE: If you kiss anyone.

AVT SCISSORS AVT NVLLVS

SAMUEL WARREN, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," desired to be supposed to be always on the most familiar terms with people of eminence. One day a brother barrister, who knew this peculiarity of his, called at his chambers, and, in the course of conversation, Warren could not help remarking that he was invited to dine with the Lord Chancellor that evening.

"That's capital," said his friend; "for so am I. So we shall meet there."

Warren looked a little put out. "But I am sorry to say, I am not able to go," he said.

"Really? I am sorry for that, and so will be the chancellor. I'll tell him how sorry you are."

After a little more talk the visitor rose to go. "Don't trouble," said Warren, "to say anything about me to his lordship to-night."

"It will be no trouble; I shall only tell him how sorry you are. Why not?"

"Well, the fact is," said Warren, with a flush, "I was not invited."

"No more," replied the other, with a grin, "was I."—*Argonaut.*

COLONEL STONE, of Tennessee, when he was running for governor, met for the first time a delegate from one of the rural counties to the State convention. The colonel said:

"I am glad to meet you. I have known your father for many years, but never had the pleasure of your acquaintance. I see, however, that the son is better looking than the father."

"Look here, colonel," said the delegate, "you need not be flattering me up, for I am out and out for Barksdale for governor, although the old man is for you."

"Why, I simply find you better-looking than your father, but I did not say you had half as much sense as he has," returned the colonel.—*Argonaut.*

MR. OSWALD has the reputation of being the "hardest fighter" at the London bar. He was once arguing a case in the court of appeals at great length. Already the court had intimated pretty clearly that it had heard enough; but Mr. Oswald had treated these intimations in his usual manner, and went on raising point after point.

"Really," at last one of the lord justices remonstrated—"really, Mr. Oswald, if you intended to rely on these points you should have raised them in the court below."

"So I did, my lord," replied Mr. Oswald, "but their lordships stopped me."

"They stopped you, did they?" inquired Lord Esher, eagerly; "how did they do it?"—*London Truth.*

THE tramp peeked over the back fence to see if there were a dog in the yard, and seeing none he slipped up to the kitchen door and knocked.

"Y' ain't got no dogs around, have you, Miss?" he said to the cook, who answered the summons of the stranger.

"No, but we've got a Bengal tiger tied around the corner."

"Is he tied purty safe, Miss?"

"Yes, but I can untie him, and he's hungry."

"Much hungry, Miss?"

"Very; he hasn't had anything to eat for two days."

"That's my fix exactly, Miss, and I can sympathize with him. Untie him."

The cook laughed. "Come in," she said, "and eat all you want, so the tiger can have a decent meal," and the tramp chuckled softly as he went in.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Maria, I've been to Louisville. I started ood season, but it was ten miles, and up all the way."—*Boston Transcript.*

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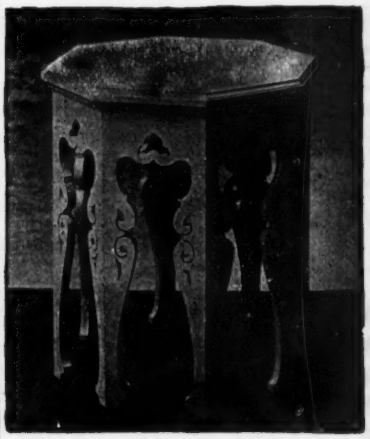
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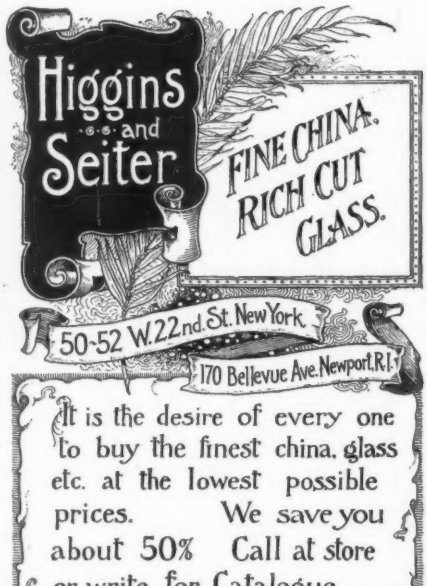

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SANDY: Oatmeal.

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SANDY: Oatmeal.

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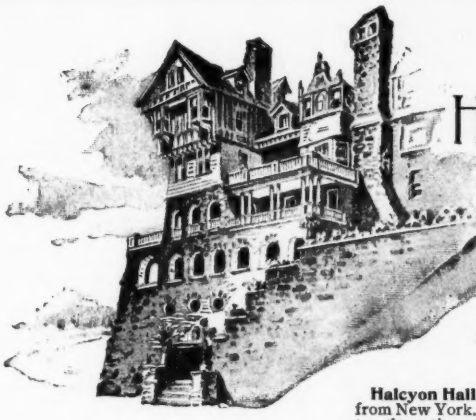

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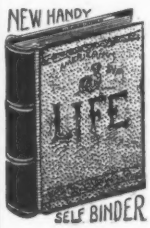

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